

The Woodland Democrat



VOL. XI.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1878.

NO. 16.

The Yolo Democrat

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Forty Acres of Land

FOR SALE
ADJOINING THE TOWN OF WOODLAND.

The very desirable tract of land, containing forty acres, situated west of Euphrates' corner on the south side of Main street, known as "THE PATRICK CASEY PLACE," is now offered for sale, the owner having taken up his residence in another county. This is a splendid chance for investment.
As Woodland is the county seat and is growing rapidly, it is of great importance to have a tract of this size and location. The land is of the best quality, and is a water-lot, running along the south side of it, can easily be irrigated.
For particulars, address PATRICK CASEY, Williams, Colusa County, or inquire at this office. feb27-78

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

AND FANCY GOODS,
SCHOOL BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
Stationery and Musical Instruments,
Etc., Etc.

ALWAYS TO BE FOUND AT
G. W. GREENE'S

JEWELRY STORE,
MAIN STREET,
WOODLAND, CAL.

Watches, clocks and jewelry repaired in a satisfactory manner and on short notice. feb-1m

A. WEAVER,

HAS REMOVED
From his old stand,
East of Washington Hall,
MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

Where he is prepared to do all kinds of
BLACKSMITHING,
WAGON-MAKING,
AND REPAIRING ON SHORT NOTICE.

In the Best Manner and at Reasonable Rates. feb27m

GRAND REDUCTION IN PRICES!

A. BUTZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR
Informs the Public that he will make
Clothing at Greatly Reduced
Prices, and
GOOD FIT GUARANTEED
IN EVERY CASE!

Business Suits, \$30 to \$40
Frocks, \$10 to \$15
Dress Suits to Order, \$25 to \$40.
Don't fail to call and examine my stock before going elsewhere. All my own making. Remember the place.
MAIN ST., OPP. GOOD TEMPLAR HALL,
WOODLAND, CAL. feb27m

LIVERY & FEED STABLES!

I have again assumed charge, personally, of the well known, old-established, and reliable
Exchange Hotel, Woodland, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the public.
Good Livery Turnouts furnished.
Animals housed and cared for on reasonable terms. [Jy5w] T. C. PICKMAN, CAL.

L. MACHERET,

JEWELRY STORE
CRAFT HOTEL BUILDING,
WOODLAND, CAL.
Clocks, Watches, Chains, Ladies' Gold Sets, Solid and Plated Ware, Gold Pens, Spectacles, and everything in the jewelry line. Agency of the FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE. feb27m

J. BORACH,

(SUCCESSOR TO HALL & FENDEGAST)
DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
CACHEVILLE, CAL.
All kinds of Country Produce Bought at the Highest Market Price. feb27m

WOODLAND BAKERY,

OTTO SCHLIER, Prop'r.
Families supplied with Fresh Bread, Crackers, Cakes, Etc.
Wedding Cakes Supplied to Order.
BAKERY ON FIRST STREET
Near Capital Hotel. feb27m

J. W. KING,

PHOTOGRAPHER.
Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.
None but first-class work allowed to leave this gallery. feb27m

Dale & Co.,

PIONEER MUSIC STORE.
No. 185 J St., Sacramento.
Knebe Piano Forte and the Prince's Organs.
New Music received every day. Instruments Tuned and Repaired. Zepp's Work and Embroideries. Toys and Fancy Goods in great variety. feb27m

WOODLAND VARIETY STORE!

Opposite College, Main Street, Woodland, Cal.
A full stock of Stationery, School Books, Pictures, Musical Instruments, etc.
CATHOLIC BOOKS AND PICTURES A SPECIALTY.
All goods selected with care, and will be sold at a reasonable profit. Please give me a call. feb27m
GEO. C. ST. LOUIS.

STERLING G. HARPER,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Practices in all the Courts of the State.
Office over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Woodland.

DR. A. STRONG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Dr. A. Strong's Drug Store, Woodland.
Calls promptly responded to at all hours.
JAN27-78

A. N. DICK,

DENTIST,
One door West of Express Office (up stairs),
Main St., Woodland, Cal.
Laundry and Tailoring. feb27m

THOMAS ROSS, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at Dr. A. Strong's Drug Store, Woodland.
College Street, fourth house south of Main.
JAN27-78

C. E. PINKHAM, M.D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE OVER THE BANK, WOODLAND, CAL.
Office hours—8 to 9 A.M., 2 to 3 P.M. and 7 to 8 P.M.
Sundays, 2 to 4 P.M. feb27m

W. C. WILSON,

DENTIST,
Office in Bank Building, all work warranted.
June 28, 1877. feb27m

F. E. BAKER,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
And Notary Public.
Practices in District and Supreme Courts.
Office at Court House, Woodland, Cal. feb27m

W. B. TREADWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Woodland, Cal. Office at the Court House.
JAN27-78

E. R. BUSH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
Searcher of Records and Conveyancer,
Office in Court House, Woodland, Cal. feb27m

DR. W. T. LUCAS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office over Thomas & Bidwell's Store, Main Street, Woodland, Cal. feb27m

DR. GEORGE H. JACKSON,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Office over Bank of Woodland; Residence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak.
JAN27-78

DR. E. L. FARRAMORE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, opposite Postoffice, Woodland, Cal.
Orders may be left at Elston & White's Drug Store. feb27m

A. C. KEAN,

TREASURER AND TAX COLLECTOR
OF YOLO COUNTY, Office at the Court House,
Woodland, Cal. feb27m

CURRIER HAYMOND,

DARWIN C. ALLEN,
HAYMOND & ALLEN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office over Gillet, Mott & Co's, No. 28 J Street, Sacramento. feb27m

DR. H. B. PIERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office, corner College and Main streets, Woodland.
JAN27-78

JOHN A. BROWN,

COUNTY SHERIFF OF YOLO COUNTY,
Is prepared to do all surveying in any part of the county.
Office in the Court House, Woodland. feb27m

DR. HENRY M. KIER,

PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHER
Office—With J. W. Snowball, Main Street,
Knight's Landing, Cal. feb27m

J. C. BALL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY,
Office—Over Bank of Woodland, Main Street, Woodland, Cal. feb27m

W. E. HINKSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Fifth street, bet. 1 and J, Sacramento. feb27m

DR. A. B. MERRITT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Orders left at Dr. A. Strong's Drug Store will be promptly attended to. feb27m

Card—Prompt Payment.

WOODLAND, February 18, 1878.
To Geo. D. Poley, Manager Yolo County Branch
Home Mutual Insurance Co. of Cal.:
DEAR SIR—Allow me to tender to you, and through you to the Company you represent, my thanks for the prompt payment of my loss under Policy No. 81,281 by the fire of Feb. 4th—and I take this method to recommend your Company to all desiring the benefits of Fire Insurance. Yours truly,
A. DINZLER, feb27m

TO THE LADIES

Woodland and Yolo County

MRS. OGBURN,

MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER,
Having just returned from the East with a full assortment of
Fall and Winter Goods,
Of the Latest Styles,
Would be pleased to have the Ladies call and examine the same. She can plant the same in the future as well as the past. She would also return thanks for the liberal patronage she has heretofore bestowed, and would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
N.B.—Particular attention given to
DRESSMAKING!
Ladies taught to Cut and Fit by Chart. Agency of the
New Weed Sewing Machine!
One of the most reliable in use.
Also, Agency for SCOURING & DYEING. feb27m

THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

Goods Sold Cheaper than Ever
BEFORE IN SACRAMENTO, AND
VALUABLE PRESENTS!
Given to purchasers besides, at the
C. O. D. Grocery, No. 236 K St.,
SACRAMENTO, bet. Eighth and Ninth,
SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH TEA KETTLE.
Only call and you will be convinced that we mean what we say. Our motto is, "Small profits, but a constantly increasing trade." Pay for what you get, and be sure you get what you pay for. feb27m

RUPTURE!

Use no more Metal Trusses! No more suffering from iron hoops or steel springs. Pierce's Patent Elastic Truss is worn with ease and comfort. It is made of the finest material, and will perform radical cures in all cases of Rupture. It is the only one that will never fail. Send for illustrated Book and Price List. MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS COMPANY, 609 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal. feb27m
Sent by mail to all parts of the world. feb27m

Damage to Yolo.

Two years ago, owing to the big break in the levee two miles below Washington, an immense body of water was precipitated into the basin on the Yolo side, and the consequence was the complete overflow of all the river farms between Washington and Clarksburg. The water remained at a high stage until midsummer, and precluded the possibility of crops for that season. The consequence was very bad times, and many of the small farmers along the river were greatly impoverished by the loss of their crops. Last year it was somewhat better, but owing to the lack of rain, and the fact that the vitality of the land had been greatly impaired by the standing water of the previous season, the people were only able to live and have enough left to enable them to prepare for this year's crop. Owing to the prospect of a season when the water would be very favorable for them, a larger area had been prepared for seed than ever before. Now the water is upon them again, and with much more prospect of damage to the river property. It will be seen that an immense break has occurred at Williams' place, and that the levee of the Libon Reclamation District has succumbed to the force of the waves, and the water has covered the entire surface of reclaimed lands in that district. It will be impossible to stop the influx of water through the break above mentioned for several weeks, and perhaps months, and a general inundation of the entire district will be the result. The consequence will be a total failure in all kinds of crops this year, and a general great deal of suffering on the part of the people of that section. If there are any means by which calamities like the above can be averted, by the use of a levee, and the levee have been taught a lesson this winter by which we ought to profit. No matter what the cost may be, let us have some general system of reclamation in this valley. feb27m

Gwynn Levee Washed Away.

By the breaking of the river levee the water rushed with tremendous force down through the country back of the Gwynn levee, built last summer to reclaim what was known as Lagoon District, on the Yolo side, about opposite Prepost and below Clarksburg. The strength of the current was irresistible and in a short time it backed up against the west Gwynn levee and dam, and broke, flooding the entire District and proving most disastrous to the settlers who had just begun to get their ground and lands in good working condition. The trouble has been a great one, however, after the break above occurred, and every precaution has been taken to get off the stock, agricultural implements, etc.; consequently much was saved and brought to a place of safety on the opposite side. The portion of this District owned by William Gwynn of Sacramento was some 5,000 acres of the first and reclaimed, and the loss is a severe one to him. feb27m

Gallantry Under Difficulties.

A certain merchant's gallantry was put to a severe test during the storm yesterday. A lady was passing in front of his store when the wind unceremoniously tipped her hat into the street. Her merchant immediately started in pursuit, but, as he passed upon such occasions, just as he made a grab for it he was lifted by a gust of wind and deposited a few feet farther out in the street. With a determined expression upon his classic features, he followed through the mud, reached the vicinity of the head gear, and made another grab, with the same result. By this time his position in society was becoming disagreeably prominent, as remarks such as "Go it, Sammy!" "Never despair!" "Thou art so near, and yet so far," from interested spectators, came with exasperating distinctness to his ears. He finally captured the hat, but his looks, as he presented it to the fair owner, testified that he envied all those who have thus far climbed the golden stairs. feb27m

A. O. U. W.

A Lodge of the Ancient Order United Workmen was permanently organized in this city Tuesday evening by State Deputy Grand Master, A. Barrows. The following officers were installed for the term ending June 1st, 1878: S. G. Harper, P. M. W. R. Porter, Secretary, M. W. A. Stamp, S. F. W. Porter, Treasurer, G. W. Myrick, Guide; S. M. Griggs, Recorder; N. Houg, Financialer; Thomas Ross, Receiver and Physician; M. H. Torrence, L. W. F. J. Brodick, O. W. Trustees, Thomas Ross, T. M. Prior and B. F. Harlan. The Lodge started off with 41 charter members, and bids fair to become a very popular institution. The regular meetings will be held in Masonic Hall every Tuesday evening. feb27m

The Workingmen.

According to a previous announcement the Workingmen of Woodland met at Central Hall Friday evening, for the purpose of the permanent organization of a Club at this place. The hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience, over 200 persons being present. The meeting was called to order by R. B. Dinmore, temporary chairman of the meeting, who held the floor for a few minutes, and then the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. All present, who had not previously signed the platform, and constitution heretofore adopted, were invited to come forward and place their signatures to the same. There being a large number present who had not read the constitution, a general call for the reading of the same was made; upon which, after considerable discussion, order was restored, and the platform and constitution adopted by the convention at Humboldt Hall, San Francisco, at the Convention of the Workingmen's Party, was read and approved, everyone present seeming desirous of signing every word. After the reading a number went forward and signed their names to the roll. During this ceremony Mr. Miller, a shoemaker, arose and asked for an explanation concerning the clause relating to employing and patronizing Chinese labor. He said that he was an anti-Chinese to the backbone. That his motto was that the "Chinaman must go." That he told his friends in the East, while on a recent visit to the Pacific Coast was a curse to the land, and that he was in favor of eliminating the pig-tailed heathen from our golden shores, peacefully if we could, but if not, then by the power of our strong right arms. (Cheers.) "But," said Mr. Miller, "should my wife, who is the business manager of our domestic affairs, I say should my wife be beholden to the Chinaman, who in the hands of a Chinaman, her experience in the matter teaching her that the Chinaman would give better satisfaction than the white men or women, would be beholden to the white men or women, would I sign there? Would I be held responsible for the actions of my better half in the premises?" (Cries of Yes! No! Go on!)

After the confusion consequent upon Mr. Miller's speech had subsided, J. D. Lawson arose and said that he did not belong to the Club, and didn't know that he ever should, but he would like to see the platform and constitution. He then asked the gentleman on the floor certain things prohibited the employment of the Chinese, either directly or indirectly. That no half-sinner was to be adopted with any as an exception to the rule. That if the Chinaman must go, he must go now! Delay was dangerous. He wished there wasn't a Chinaman in the world, or at least in the United States. He then closed with an eloquent peroration in which patriotism, his opposition to the Mongolian followers of a heathen God, and remarks which indicated his fervent desire to eradicate himself from the good graces of the workingmen present, were beautifully blended in rounded periods which rolled off his tongue with eloquence and fluency. He was greeted with enthusiastic applause and advice were good-humoredly received, and he sat down amid cheers and applause.

Mr. Stamp then took the floor, and said that he fully coincided with the remarks of the gentleman's remarks. In case his wife was sick and unable to do the family washing, and no white person could be found to do it, how could he extricate himself from the dilemma? "Cries of 'Go naked!'" "Wear your clothes another week," etc. Mr. Stamp concluded, and upon the suggestion of Mr. Quilty, the Chairman, he was elected permanent officer. The voting was done, viva voce, each member voting as his name was called by the President. John R. Cronin was elected President by acclamation. His election was received with the loudest applause, and a deafening applause. Mr. E. Follett was chosen Vice President by acclamation. Mr. D. A. Mitchell was chosen Financial Secretary, John Quilty, Marshal. During the election of officers considerable noise was made in the hall, and the noise was so great that the Chairman was obliged to shout to be heard. When Mr. Quilty announced that in the capacity of Marshal it was his determination to preserve order at all hazards, it was not until the evening of the roll to 67 in number. The Club then adjourned to meet next Friday evening—place not stated.

Assignee's Sale.

F. S. Freeman, Assignee in Bankruptcy of the estate of R. E. Toit, sold all the real property belonging to the estate on Friday. The ranch, situated two miles southwest from Madison was purchased by John Freeman for \$12,750, including the taxes for 1878. It contained 200 acres of land, and was well watered, and it was well wooded, and it was well improved. The money Mr. Freeman paid for it. The Madison Hotel property was bought by D. B. Hurlbert, Esq., present lessee, the consideration being \$2,400—all it being paid in cash. The personal property of the estate will be disposed of at public auction in Woodland, March 1st, 1878.

A Regular Line of Boats has been established

and now ply between Sacramento and Swinley, by which passengers are transferred to and from the city with comparative safety and comfort. The line is well patronized at present.

THE MODE OF ELECTING A POPE.

There are four methods of electing a Pope—by "inspiration," by "compromise," by "scrutiny," and "acclamation." An election by inspiration is effected by several of the Cardinals calling aloud, as if by a sudden impulse, the name of the person they desire elected; but this method is seldom resorted to until other means have failed.

It is called an election by compromise when, the Cardinals not being able to agree, they determine to abide the choice of one or more of their own body selected for that purpose. It was thus that John XVII., after having attained the solemn assent of the College to abide his decision, assumed to himself the Pontificate. The act led to an understanding, or rule, effectually preventing the recurrence of such an event in the future.

In electing a Pope by scrutiny the Cardinals each write their own name with that of their candidate upon a ticket, which, with many ceremonies and genuflections, is deposited in a chalice on the altar of the chapel in which they are assembled. When all have voted, one of their number removes the tickets, carefully compares the number with that of the number of persons present; after which, if it appears that any one has two-thirds of the votes in his favor, he is declared to be canonically elected Pope. When, however, after repeated trials, no choice has been effected, an election by "acclamation" is resorted to, in which any Cardinal may accede to the vote of another by an alteration of his ticket in a prescribed form. When a choice has been effected the ballots are burned.

Between the death of the Pope and the election of his successor the principal personage connected with the Church in Rome used to be the Cardinal Camerlengo, the Papal Chamberlain. His functions have long ceased to be more than purely ceremonial. The powers of the Cardinals during the interregnum have been confined between the narrowest limits by a series of rigid prescriptions framed by successive Pontiffs.

In that part of the Vatican which is nearest to St. Peter's, the Conclave, where the election is to be held, is flanked up. Here seventy chambers or cells are constructed, with a small space between each two of them, and a broad gallery before them. Each cell is numbered, and they are lined with cloth. In these the Cardinals are to stay pending the choice of a Pontiff. Each one has either two or three attendants, according to his rank, who are called conclavists, and are invariably persons of high station in life, although during the session in the Conclave they perform menial duties, waiting upon their masters at meals and the like. Two physicians, two surgeons, and an apothecary, are appointed for the Conclave. On the tenth day after the Pope's death all the Cardinals who are in Rome and whose health permits them to go out, assemble in the Gregorian Chapel at St. Peter's, where an appropriate sermon is preached, and a mass is said (invoking the grace of the Holy Ghost). The Cardinals then proceed in great solemnity, marching in couples, to the Conclave, which is closed and guarded after their entrance. If a Cardinal arrives in Rome after the closing of the Conclave, however, he is admitted. They meet in the gallery twice a day for landing in their votes for scrutiny. The ballots are made in this wise: Each Cardinal writes his own name on a piece of paper and his signature is folded over and sealed; beneath the fold a conclavist writes the choice of his master for Pope, who, according to a custom which has prevailed for many years, must be a member of the Sacred College. The paper is again folded, and upon the outside of it is written a sentence at random. In the chapel two Cardinals elected by the body as tellers count the votes in the dice, and find to be a greater or smaller number of votes than there are Cardinals present, the voting must be repeated. One of the Cardinals, who has been selected for the purpose, then reads the sentence upon the outside of each ballot, and the name of the candidate for the Papal Chair beneath it, so that the Cardinals, hearing his own sentence and the name of his candidate, can tell if his vote has reached the tellers in its proper shape.

POPE LEO XIII.

Cardinal Graciano Pecci who, since Pius Nonus's death, has been highest in authority as Pontifical Camerlengo, has been elected Pope. He assumes the title Leo XIII., and was the choice of the Moderates in the Conclave. He is a native of Carpeneto, in the diocese of Aragon, was born in 1810, and consequently is 68 years of age. Of high intellect and great energy of character, he has made not only an excellent Bishop, but was recognized as a perfect in the office of Cardinal. In his private life he is a simple and unassuming man, and his features have an aristocratic stamp. Although his reign cannot be of very long duration, yet, in the present unsettled condition of Europe, events may transpire during its continuance which will render it one of immense importance to the Church. What political significance his election will have depends upon the future to determine.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

E. J. Clanton has recently come into possession of a copy of the *Yolo County Gazette*, published at Kingston, Yolo County, N. Y., the number in question being issued Jan. 4th, 1800. The inside is draped in mourning for the death of George Washington, an account of whose funeral we reproduce. The paper is well preserved, and the quaint style of its general make up renders it quite a curiosity. Here is the account of the funeral of the Father of his country as it appears in the columns of the *Gazette*:

WASHINGTON ENTOMBED.

George Town, Dec. 29, 1799.
On Wednesday last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON the great—the Father of his country and the Friend of man, was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled, from miles around, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the graves—the spacious avenue, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but alas! the august inhabitant was now no more. That great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed; but how affecting! how awful! the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty Portico, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, now lay the shroud-covered corpse. The countenance still composed and serene, seemed to depress the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last adieu to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive farewell view.

On the monument, at the head of the coffin, was inscribed *WASHTON*—about the middle of the coffin, *GLORIA DEO*—and on the right, *1732-1799*.
Departed this life, on the 14th of December, 1799, 221.88

Between three and four o'clock, the sounds of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke a solemn sorrow—the corps was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

GENERAL

The procession was formed & moved in the following order:
Cavalry, } With arms reversed,
Infantry, }
Musketeers, }
Mourners, }
Citizens, }
The General's horse with his saddle holsters and pistols.

When the Procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomac where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brothers and the citizens descended to the vault, and the funeral service of the Church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river and the sounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general discharges from the infantry—the cavalry and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomac back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States and to the departed Hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the son of glory was set forever. No—the name of WASHINGTON—the American President and General—will triumph over DEATH! The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate the future ages.

The Dardanelles, towards which so much attention is now directed, fairly teems with historic and poetic memories. Its navigation was first attempted by the Argonauts under Jason in their search for the Golden Fleece. At Abydos, Xerxes built his famous Bridge of Boats for the Invasion of Greece, and it was here that Hero and Leander became world renowned. Leander, who lived at Abydos, on the Asiatic shore, was in love with Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus, at Sestos, and regularly swam the strait to meet his mistress. One dark and stormy night he failed to appear, when the luckless Hero visited the shore the next morning the waves had washed the dead body of her lover upon the sands. Overcome by her loss, she plunged into the sea, and the spot became ever after sacred to their memory. On the 3d of March, 1810, Lord Byron swam the Dardanelles at the same point in seventy minutes. The swim from Abydos to Sestos is still repeated yearly by Byron-inspired tourists, and will probably continue to be as long as the glamour of poetry and tradition hangs round the spot.

J. W. MACKAY telegraphs from Virginia City to the Committee having in charge the mineral exhibit, to proceed with the collection, as he will pay all the expenses. The mineral exhibit is there assured. One public-spirited citizen has been found who is willing to step to the front and say that it shall not fail for lack of money. The exhibit have no time to lose. Let the exhibition be a complete one, not only of California but of all the States and Territories comprising the Pacific Coast. Let Arizona, Nevada, California and Oregon, Washington Territory and, if possible, Alaska, be represented. Silver, gold, copper, tin, lead, borax, sulphur, iron and the whole catalogue of minerals. The committee have now no further anxiety about funds and can give all their attention to the business of collecting and arranging specimens. If samples which are now on their way from Arizona have been stopped, let them come along. This private munificence, says the *Bulletin*, ought to insure such a mineral exhibit as was never before made in behalf of the Pacific Coast.

THE RELIEF CANAL.

SPARKING of the proposed canal for carrying off the surplus waters of our rivers during times of flood, the Contra Costa *Gazette* says: "When the river gets over the banks and floods the upper valley, making an inland sea which moves down the incline plane of the valley slopes towards its outlet, the direct movement of this vast body of water strikes across the numberless meanders of the river, now over the right and next over the left bank, thus checking the river current, which is seldom in coincident direction. A canal from Knights Landing to Suisun Bay, in the vicinity of Colvilleville, down through the sink of Yolo and Solano counties, would be only about half the length of the river between the same points, and would doubtless, if constructed of sufficient width, insure the Sacramento valley against any future floods from its upper sources or tributaries, and there need be no fear that Carquinez Straits will not take away the water as fast as it is brought down."

The session of the Legislative Committee held in this city for the investigation of damages caused by debris from the mines, has aroused new local interest in the matter, says the *Marysville Appeal*, and it is hoped the Legislature will be inspired to action by the report of the real situation through its Committee. The Committee came in a very opportune time. Its members witnessed the effects of a small rain upon the Feather, Yuba, and Bear rivers. The railroad train upon which the Committee started to return to Sacramento was stopped at Bear River on Monday morning by a sudden rise of waters upon its debris filled channel. There the effects of hydraulic mining were practically demonstrated to the Committee. This bridge, which the train could not cross on Monday, has been raised twice within a few years, and is likely to be raised again. The Commission is in possession of many facts. Large amounts of property have been destroyed in this vicinity, and the debris is gradually extending over and covering the remaining rich acres. Millions of depreciation in real and personal property has been produced in this section, and the work of spoliation still goes on.

SECRETARY SHERMAN is reported as prophesying that if the Blaine Silver Bill is passed it will terminate the political career of those members of Congress who vote for it. If Mr. Sherman has made any such remark, the Chicago *Post</*

THE SOUL OF ART.
BY W. W. WILSON.
Knowest thou what were woodpecker's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast,
Or how the ash outbuilt its shell,
Fainting with more each annual cell,
Such and such were these holy piles,
While love and terror laid the tiles,
Earth proudly wears the Pantheon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And moving upon her zone,
To gaze upon the pyramid,
O'er England's abbeys bend the sky,
As on its friend with kindred eyes;
For out of thoughts interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air,
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Atrah.

MRS. HAWK, NEE DOVE.
BY LAURA S. PRICK.
A hawk once counted a little white dove,
With the softest of wings and a voice full of love,
And the hawk—O yes, as other hawks go,
Was a well-known hawk for aught that I know.

Well she married the hawk; the groom was de-
lighted,
A feast was prepared, and the friends all in-
vited.
Then he flew to his nest, with the dove at his side,
And soon all the rest took their flight.

A hawk for his sister, a hawk for his mother,
A hawk for his sister and one for his brother,
And the hawk and the dove were the doves,
And the hawk and the dove were the doves.

If I thought of the peaceful, far-away nest
Ever haunted her dreams or troubled in her
breast,
No bird ever knew, each hour of her life,
Kind, gentle and true, was the hawk's dove wife,
But the delicate nature was so very true,
With no visible sickness the dove drooped and
died;
Then loud was the grief, and the wish then ex-
pressed,
To call the learned birds and hold an inquest.

No all the birds came, but each took his head;
No dove could be named who the dove should be
dead.
Till a white owl, with a knowing look,
Stated this: "The case is clear as a hawk's
hook."
"No disease do I find, or accident's shock;
The cause of her death was too much hawk!
Hawk for her sister and hawk for her mother,
Hawk for her sister and hawk for her brother!"

"She was captured a dove; too hard the hawk's
life,
Aid of madness and love, full of hardship and
strife,
And when he had told them the other birds knew
That this was the cause, and the victim was true!"
—Edith Wharton.

ELEANOR'S QUESTION.
BY J. W. W.
"Oh, papa, how lovely!" exclaimed a
young girl with voice, one evening, as she
spoke to her father, who was then
addressed, looking down from the high
they were ascending upon the lovely
Italian scene spread before them.

The stage-coach, at the bottom of the
hill waited their return, the horses man-
ifesting their impatience by pawing the
earth, the driver carelessly, lazily in-
different to all, save the few souls that
he was sure to receive from the gentle-
man as a gift at the end of their jour-
ney.

"See, papa!" she continued, "There
is an artist sketching. What would I
give to be able to transmit this lovely
scene to canvas! Do you know, papa,
shoulder and see what he has chosen."
"It might be deemed an impertinence,
my dear," answered the gentle-
man, a tall, elegant-looking man of
some fifty winters. "We shall have
abundant opportunities to look at the
work of itinerant painters, without in-
terrupting this young man at his labors.
But it is growing dark, and we must
pursue our way. Fortunately, our hotel
is not a mile distant, and you can return
to this point at any other time."

"My daughter," said Mr. Ellsworth,
entering their parlor, a few days later,
accompanied by a stranger, "I have
brought Mr. Dinsmore to present to
you. I find him to be the son of an old
friend, so like his father that I wonder
I have not at this discovered the relation-
ship."

A mischievous sparkle rose in Elea-
nor's eyes as she raised them in ac-
knowledgment of the introduction, and
discovered the handsome young man
bending so courteously before her
and the "itinerant artist" to be one and
the same.

"I have seen Mr. Dinsmore before,
although myself unseen," she said.
"Do not be too assured on that point,"
he answered, with the reflex of
her own merriment in his eyes, which
the long lashes shading them were un-
able to conceal. "An artist is never so
busy at his work, never so engrossed
by the beauties of an inanimate na-
ture, that he becomes blind to the love-
liness it presents in other forms."

It was now her turn to let the lids
droop, and half arch the bell-shaped lit-
tle mouth, while the tell-tale blood for
the moment dyed her cheeks; but with
a half laugh she changed the subject of
the conversation, and when the even-
ing over, they bade each other a mutual
"good night," they could scarcely real-
ize a few hours before they met as
strangers.

In the days that followed, the artist
seemed to forget all about his sketching
tour in forming parties of pleasure here
and there, which he knew Mr. Ellis-
worth and his daughter would enjoy;
and when they were to go on forth-
ward, he suddenly discovered that he too,
had exhausted all points of interest,
and gladly accepted the invitation held
out by Mr. Ellsworth to accompany
them.

At last they reached Rome, the city
so dear to artists and art lovers, where
it was decided they should spend the
winter months; and when Bert Dins-
more had selected his studio, and de-
termined to stay and forget the passing
pleasures of the last few days in ear-
nest work, suddenly a dream of ely-
sium had opened before him, in the
proposition made by Mr. Ellsworth that
he should paint his daughter's portrait.

"The days Bert Dinsmore spent at his
studio, which he felt so futile, to make
the copy as perfect as the original; the
hours when, with the morning sun,
streaming in upon them, in the luxuri-
ous ease of his studio, the dream com-
fortably asleep, they talked together of
the past and the present, lost to all save
themselves—passed as in dream life.

He remembered, in after days, they
never spoke of the future; his sealed
pages they never ventured to unclose,
nor look beyond the charm of the mo-
ment, which seemed to entirely engross
them both.

But there came a time when the man's
stronger nature cried out against the
drifting of a current which carried
him he knew not whither—when he
longed to feel a safe harbor awaited
them, that they should reach side by
side—to question the future, to un-
fold the secret of his heart, to let
offensive creep into her eyes, or why
her cheek paled when sometimes letters
bearing a foreign postmark were put
into her hand—to ask her if any trouble

had entered her life, that he would
share it—to plead that, whatever should
be in store for either, both might share
it.

The picture was nearly finished ere
he broke the silence he had imposed
upon himself. His secret had long
been known to his own heart—the fact
that, unless this girl could enter into
his life, the sunshine would depart
from it forever more.

Before he had met her, his art had
been his all; but he felt now, without
her, his hand would lose its cunning,
his eye faith in its accuracy, his ambi-
tion desert him.

It was of all this he had been silently
thinking while he worked, deftly and
swiftly, on the canvases, when, suddenly
he found voice, and the thick, passionate
words escaped almost of themselves
from his lips.

When he first began to speak, she
raised herself with an involuntary
shudder, a moan half repressed, as
though begging him to desist.

But the torrent was too powerful and
had been too long repressed, to stop
now to stop its mighty way; and so she
sank back, with all the color fled from
her cheeks—even her lips white—and
listened to the very end.

Then, when he waited her answer, it
came in the question—
"Is it possible you do not know?"
"Know! What is there for me to
know? Nothing, Eleanor, which should
come between us—nothing which should
deter you from the promise to become
my wife?"

"Nothing but the fact that I am al-
ready promised to another man," she
answered, still in the same calm, pas-
sionate tone. "This picture was to be
my wedding gift to my father. This
winter, in the last we are to spend to-
gether. In the summer I am to be mar-
ried."

For a moment silence fell between
them, in which the man could count
every heart throb as it beat like a
sledge-hammer against his breast.

Then, with sudden, overmastering
passion, he rose quickly from his seat,
and, bending over her, raised her hands
in a grasp of iron, as the question al-
most hissed from his lips—
"And you dare tell me, looking
straight into my eyes, that you love this
man, who shall, in after days look upon
my work, and praise, perhaps condemn,
the artist who has represented his wife's
loveliness? Sooner would I tear my
canvases into shreds, and send it to the
four winds of heaven, than his eyes
should dwell upon it! Look at me, Elea-
nor—answer me before heaven—do
you love this man?"

"You have no right to question me,"
she answered; but this time her voice
gave it to a ring of pain, which fell on
the listener's ear like music, since it
showed him that she suffered. "I have
promised my husband, and, as such, is
entitled to my silence and respect."

"Silence and respect! These are
strange words to fall from the lips of
an expectant bride! Eleanor, stop! it
is too late. Darling, have pity on
your own heart; or, if it prove so cold
and passionless a thing that you need
not listen to its throbbing, then take
pity on mine and do not snuff from it
the one thing it craves on this wide
earth."

"Bert," she answered, and her voice
had now in it a new and deeper mean-
ing, though his quick ear still de-
tected the pain "the man whom I have
promised to marry is no longer young.
He is good, and noble, and true. My
father is troubled with a disease which
may at any moment terminate his life.
It has made the last moments we may
spend together happier to know that my
future is thus provided for. My con-
sent was given of my own free will.
Never will I retract it! Perhaps—per-
haps, her voice trembled when she
spoke to a whisper—"had I known you ear-
lier, I might have learned to love you."

"Nay, that lesson has already been
taught you, late or early as it is. Go
on your own strength, Eleanor; but
remember, the day will come when your
heart will assert itself, and by its suf-
fering, you can, in some faint and remote
degree, measure mine. I will not, as I
threatened, destroy your picture. I
give it to you as your wedding gift. I
trust you will hang it in an honored
place, and, looking on it daily, remem-
ber that it is the image of a woman on
whose beauty one man spent his soul,
and who rewarded him by tossing it, a
wrecked and stranded thing upon the
sea of life."

Three years later, and Bert Dins-
more returned to his native land. His
disappointment had not brought him
the injury he imagined, for his own
stronger, better nature had come to the
rescue; and ever before his eyes dwelt
the fair beauty of a woman, which, al-
though it existed not for him, at least
in his life—the ring of a voice full of
hidden pain, betraying a secret
which showed that she, too, had suf-
fered, and yet had not faltered in the path
of right.

It was at a brilliant gathering there
that he met her, and in all this lapse of time
no word he had reached him, until
her beauty, radiant as of old, burst upon
him, and through the crowded room he
wended his way to her side.

Have you no word of welcome for
an old friend? May I not, at least,
claim that at your hands?"

Then she raised her eyes and saw
him, and he noted how, even yet, he
possessed the power to pale her cheek,
although to an eye less keen no sign
could have been detected.

"You have not yet told me," he said,
after an hour's converse, "by what
name I am to address you, and uncon-
sciously the old one falls from my lips."
There was no pale shadow now. Over
cheek, brow, and neck the rich crimson
streamed, as she answered.
"I know no more fitting one, since it
is all I have. Heaven's ways are not
our ways. The man I was to marry
never lived, to welcome my return, al-
though in his will I found myself re-
garded as his wife. The dear father whose
death I had taught myself was inevita-
ble, is still living, and gaining strength
that the physicians think he will
ultimately conquer his malady. I have
much to be thankful for."

"And I—oh Eleanor, may I not share
your thanksgiving? Has not my prom-
ise been long enough? Will you not
give me the heart I have waited so long
for?"

"Can we wait for that which is ours?
Can we give that which has long passed
from our possession?"

And in her question Bert Dinsmore
found his answer.

There are people who are suited for
everything except just what they are
doing, and who are only out of place
when in their place.

THE HOUSEHOLD.
JUMBLES.—One cupful sugar and one
of good butter, rubbed to a cream, one
cupful sour cream, one well-beaten
egg, one teaspoonful of salt dissolved
in a very little hot water, flavor with
nutmeg; sifted flour enough for a soft
dough or batter.

GOOD BAKED HAM.—Boil the ham
till nearly done; remove the skin and
crumbs, with a layer of grated bread-
crumbs, seasoned with sugar and a very
little pepper, and bake an hour in an
oven hot enough to brown the crumbs.
The ham should be raised from the pan
in which it is baked, that it may
not taste as if frozen in the fat which
may exude from it.

CANARY BIRDS.—To remove insects
from birds, put the least bit of kerosene
oil under each wing—say as much as
remains on your little finger after you
have let the drop fall off. Do this every
ten days until all are removed. Clean
the cage well every day; pour it in hot
water; use borax and but little soap.
Mate the birds during the last of Febru-
ary or the first of March.

CURRY'S PUDDING.—Beat the yolks
of two eggs with two ounces of flour
and one tablespoonful of milk; set half
a pint of milk, lacking the tablespoonful,
on the fire, with two ounces of
sugar and two of butter; make them
hot, but do not let them boil; when the
dough is ready, add the yolks, and stir
the hot milk, etc., as before. Beat the
eggs, beaten very light. Mix thoroughly
and pour into four saucers, buttered
and heated hot; bake twenty minutes in
a quick oven. When cooked a light
brown color, lay two of them on a dish
spread with plum or other jam, place
the other two on top.

STEWED TURKEY.—An old turkey is
more tender stewed than in any other
way. Put into a large pot half a pound
of butter, and a quarter of a pound
of knuckle of veal, and a quarter of a
pound of parsley, two of thyme, six small
onions, one carrot cut in small pieces,
three cloves, salt and pepper, and then
the turkey; and a pint each of broth
and water. Simmer gently about two
hours and a half; and then turn the
turkey over and put it back on the fire
for another two hours and a half; dish
the turkey, strain the sauce; put it back
on the fire, and add a little of the
graze spread it over the turkey and
serve. Some prefer stewed turkey when
cold.

Feed and Breed of Dairy Cows.
Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, of Massachu-
setts, makes the following summary of
conclusions at which he has arrived on
this subject, after many years of study
and practical experience in the breed-
ing and feeding of dairy cows.

1. The production of butter is largely
dependent on breed.
2. There is a structural limit to the
production of butter to each cow.
3. The cow which is fed to this
limit at a greater distance from ordinary
food cannot increase the product.
4. That the superior cow has this
structural limit at a greater distance
from ordinary food, and is more ready
to respond to stimuli than the ordinary
cow.
5. That consequently the superior
cow is seldom fed to her limit, and as a
practical conclusion, increased feed
for a superior lot of cows will increase
the butter product, but to an in-
ferior lot, waste can be the result.
6. That the character of the food has
some influence on the character of the
butter, but even here breed influences
more than food.
7. That there is no constant relation
between the butter product and cheese
product.
8. That the cheese contains a constant
percentage, and that this percentage
does not appear to respond to increase
of food.
9. That the cheese appears to remain
constant without regard to the season.
10. That increase in the quantity of
milk is followed by an increase in the
total amount of cheese.
11. That insufficient feed acts direct-
ly to check the proportion of butter,
and has a tendency to decrease the cas-
ine of the milk and substitute albumen.
12. The best practice of feeding is to
regulate the character of the food by
the character of the animal fed; feeding
superior cows nearer to the limit of
their production than inferior cows;
feeding, if for butter, more concentra-
ted and nutritious foods than for cheese;
feeding for cheese product succulent
material which will increase the quanti-
ty of the milk yield.

OLD PEOPLE.—A job of a boox bech-
lor on out of single blessedness, and to in-
crease the stock of old made by an in-
creased demand for wives, may be in-
volved in some statements made by the
London Review in regard to the relation
of old people to the young. It is stated
that, in 1772, the aged population of
England, old maids and bachelors, to-
gether, rarely attained to extreme old
age, and then it tells of people living to
extraordinary ages by wedding a dozen
times or so. Jacob Job, of Bor-
deaux, died in 1772 at the age of 101
years, having laid seventeen wives in
the grave, and Margaret McDowall, a
Scottishwoman, died in 1765, at the age
of 105, having wedded at the untimely
age of thirteen men whose names she
had born in rotation. This fact, the re-
view does not put a very strong tax up-
on one's capacity for bolting a tough
morsel, but the strain is rather severe
when it goes on to speak of a pair
named Boyin, who died in Hungary in
1741, the man 170 and the woman 164,
leaving a tender youth 116 years old to
be his orphanage and reflect on the
strength of that which held his pa-
rents together for 148 years.—Boston
Journal.

A BELFAST (Maine) housewife, who in
cautiously made use of a rotten line to
dry her week's washing during the fu-
rious wind of Monday, realized a sad dis-
aster. All the numerous and intricate
garments tugged furiously at the line.
The shirts seemed to belong to
giants, and the drawers were filled with
a preternatural plumpness, until the
line, in its endeavor to support the
wealth of the household took a slight
upward and onward. A farmer living
in the southwestern part of the city saw
their approach, led by a pair of gray-
hounds, and ran for his gun, shout-
ing "Wild geese!" The other-partisans
are awaited with interest.

"I will not learn a trade," exclaimed
the young Chicago blood to his father.
But this business of learning a trade is
only a matter of time, for within a year
that young man was studying harness-
making in the State Prison.

Never put off a joke till to-morrow if
you can do it to-day.

P. ONO, Esq.
A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR FROM AFRICA.
Probably there has not been in many
years an arrival in Europe which caused
so much excitement among a certain
class as that of the subject of our sketch.
The Emperors, Princes, Mayors, and
other high dignitaries, made a great
fuss, a while ago, over the visit of the
Shah of Persia. More recently our own
Ex-President General Grant has received
not only from the officials, but what is
better, from the people in general, a
magnificent welcome. But it is doubt-
ful if the arrival of the Eastern Monarch
or a Western Ex-President is ever
viewed with so much interest, as the
arrival of an individual from Africa
with no title at all, by a few men of
science, Monarchs and Ex-Presidents
as large as the largest man, and one in-
dividual from Africa was much less than
a man, and that fact made him all the
more interesting. Travelers in Africa
had long ago given accounts of wonder-
ful creatures who were found there,
creatures as large as the largest man,
and with strength to do wonderful
things, such as crushing a gun-barrel
in their teeth, and carrying off the
bones of elephants, and the like. These
creatures were called gorillas, and were
first to this country, and later to Europe,
and these only increased the desire to
know more about the animal. It was
known by travelers that the ferocity of
these creatures is unbounded, and that
even when taken quite young it was im-
possible to tame them. Several young
gorillas were shipped to Europe, but they
somehow died, or otherwise disap-
peared. It was not until they reached port,
this was given, and the evidence showed
that the animals could not be tamed.
An African captured a very young gorilla,
and sold it to a Portuguese gentleman
living in Africa, for a small sum.
A Prussian exploring expedition hap-
pening to stop at the village where the
Portuguese lived, that gentleman gladly
gave the young gorilla to one of the
members of the party, who took the an-
imal to the Aquarium at Berlin for \$5,000.
It was then no longer
mere animal—a young gorilla, but Mr.
Pongo, and under that name his fame
extended all over the civilized world.
Never was a young Royal Highness
more carefully watched than Pongo.
What he did when awake, how he slept,
and what he had for breakfast, what for
dinner, and what he did between meals
were closely studied, faithfully record-
ed, and the intelligence sent all over the
world. Berlin had Pongo, and London
had Pongo-less, and this would never
do; London endured this for two years,
and at last sent to Berlin and had the
young gorilla brought over. Once in
London Pongo had a hard time of it;
he was written up in all the daily
papers, and pictured in all the illus-
trated weeklies; the scientific men came
and they measured his bones and count-
ed his teeth, and he talked about his
"facial angle," and his "occipital ridge,"
and all that sort of thing. Pongo was
soon dead. Whether London got or
London science was too much for Pon-
go, probably shall never know. He
was not a very old gorilla, but he was
very intelligent, but not more than is
exhibited by some dogs; and though he
had been taught to sit at the table and
eat very much what his keeper ate, and
even to take his food sometimes with a
spoon, he showed his natural tastes by
preferring to eat from the floor or to
swing upon a trapeze which was pro-
vided for him. Poor Pongo died be-
fore he could teach us much about his
people, but he is, the full grown gorilla
of the African forest.

According to the accounts of travelers,
they grow to be five-and-a-half feet,
and some say over six feet high. The skele-
ton is in many respects more like the
human skeleton than that of any other
animal; the bones of the limbs are not
differently large and strong, and while its
head is large, that part of the skull
which holds the brain is very small.
The brain of the largest gorilla is
not half the size of the brain of the
lowest ape known. The gorillas are
said to go in troops of four females and
one male; the two sexes being somewhat
different in color, the hair on the males
being grayer, and that of the females
blackish. The gorilla is found prin-
cipally in the western part of Africa, in
the forests north and south of the equa-
tor. The males are exceedingly savage,
and not hesitate to attack a man if he
comes in the way. They are said to
come toward their enemy beating their
breasts and roaring terribly, and to be
most dangerous. Yet as human-like as
gorillas seem in some respects, several
of the thirteen men whose names she
other tribes will not touch the flesh of
the chimpanzee or other apes, because
they are so much like man. Pongo
has proved so interesting that he
ought other gorillas will be taken from
their homes and taught the ways of civ-
ilized life, and we hope may not share
Pongo's fate.

IMPROVING SHEEP.—Some of the farm-
ers throughout the country are keeping a
few sheep. There are not many who
have large flocks, but even these small
flocks may, at little expense and care,
be greatly improved by crossing with
one of the finer strains or breeds. A
Merino, Cotswold, Southdown, Shrop-
shire-down or Lincoln blood, will, with
one of these small flocks, more than pay
for himself in a single season. It is
true that in an improvement of the num-
ber of sheep in the country, there is a risk in
sheep raising, but if we undertake to
raise them at all, we ought to have the
best, and there is no more risk in them
than there is in the more inferior kind.
—Southern Farmer.

PROLIFIC.—New Zealand is experi-
encing a plague of rabbits. These an-
imals, introduced there a few years ago,
have so multiplied that large tracts,
formerly pasturing thousands of sheep,
have been reduced almost to a wilder-
ness. About five hundred thousand
rabbit skins were exported from Hob-
art Town in 1874, and weasels, ferrets
and hawks are being introduced to help
on the extermination.

Little People.
"And what makes my little Johnny
so cross this morning?" "Dot up
s'rry." "Buffalo Express."
Father—"Why don't yer say yer
grace, Charley?" Charley—"Why, cos
I don't like the look of them their ta-
lers."—London Fun.

"What, children! Playing soldier
on Sunday?" "Yes, mamma, but we are
singing, 'Onward, Christian Soldier.'"
—Harvard Lampoon.

"How long are you going to stay
here?" "Why, my little dear?" "Cause,
I'm hungry, and mamma says we shall
have dinner as soon as that dreadful
nurse goes away."—Puck.

He gave his youngest boy a box of
tools and a quart bottle of mulligan.
And thus advertised it: "Lost—soldier
here?" "Why, my little dear?" "Cause,
I'm hungry, and mamma says we shall
have dinner as soon as that dreadful
nurse goes away."—Puck.

A chipper little miss of three sum-
mers was standing before a mirror, in-
specting and admiring a new dress she
had just purchased. "Mamma, I want a
dragger!" There is no doubt but what
that young lady will keep up with the
fashions.

In the school of carving for boys, in
this city, the tools used, but said to be
"the plane, the cross-cut and rippling
saw, and the hammer." If we had
known this earlier, we would have sent
them a goose we bought Christmas week,
though we doubt if anything short of a
circular saw would have carved him.

[Commercial Bulletin.]
"Pull out, Bill," shrieked an en-
gineer's son to a playmate, a brakeman's
boy, who was in imminent danger of
being run over by a passing train. "He
was coming after him." "Grit on the
main line and give her steam. Here
comes the switch engine!" But before
the juvenile could get in motion she
had him by the ear, and he was laid up
with a hot box.

How to Drive Rats Away Without
Poison.
We know of three methods: First,
the old French plan. This is followed
chiefly in Paris by men who make it a
special business. They take a deep tub,
with water on the bottom and a little
elevation in the middle like an island,
on which is only place for just one rat
to sit on. The trap is covered and has
a large balance-valve, opening downward.
On the middle of this valve a piece of
fried pork or cheese is placed, and when
the rat walks on it to get the cheese
the valve goes down, drops the rat into
the water, and moves back in position.
A road is made from the rat-hole to the
top of the tub by means of pieces of
board rubbed with cheese, so as to make
the rat walk on it to get the cheese.
In the course of a night, some ten, twenty,
or even more rats may go down, and if the
island was not there they would be
found most all alive in the morning,
quietly swimming around; but the pro-
vision of the little island saves them
from being killed, because their egotism
instinct for preservation causes them
to fight for the exclusive posses-
sion of the island, on which, in the
morning, the strongest rat is the last
to be killed and drowned around him. Sec-
ond, the New York plan, invented by
one of the Friars. The floor near the
rat-hole is covered with the last of
a most caustic potassa. When the rats
walk on this it makes their feet sore,
and they lick with their tongues,
which makes their mouths sore, and the
result is that they starve to death, and
the weakest will be eaten by the strong-
est. After a short time the fight is renewed,
and the next weakest is the victim, and so
it goes on till one strong rat is left. When
this one has eaten the last remains of
one of the colony, it is set free. The
animal has now acquired such a taste
for rat-flesh that he is the terror of all
ratdom, going about seeking what rat
he may devour. In an incredibly short
time the premises were abandoned by
all other rats, which will not come back
before the cannibal rat has left or died.
—Manufacturer and Builder.

GIVING CHARITY.—It is hard for the
impulsive, inexperienced almsgiver to
distinguish honest poverty from un-
blushing fraud, because the most unde-
serving often simulate the guise of de-
cent poverty, and charm the sympathies
of tender souls only to waste them in
premeditated acrobaticism. It is cer-
tain that the misdirected benevolence of
the tender-hearted is one of the direct
and potent causes of the increase of that
form of dependence which is worse than
pauperism—that which knows well
enough how to keep out of the alms-house
if need be, by honest work, but which in-
tends to avoid both honest work and the
fate of the pauper. Few men and wo-
men whose hearts are overflowing with
good will can be trusted to administer
their own charities. But by organizing
charitable institutions, where the alms
are administered by experienced agents,
who hold their sympathies well in hand,
the unscrupulous are balked, the design-
ing outwitted, and there is some chance
of escaping the manufacture of pauper-
ism by the means intended to prevent it.

THERE is a great outcry in England
about the adulteration of silks. Not
only are silk manufacturers charged
with having invented and sold a
great perfection of a method of mixing
gelatinous and weight-giving substan-
ces with the dye, but the presence of
this is more than suspected. Manufac-
turers and dealers do not deny, in their
letters to the newspapers, these imputa-
tions, but endeavor to shift from
shoulder to shoulder. It is very often
so difficult to tell an adulterated silk
that even experts are fooled.

As end that very few banks come to
—Dividend.

CAPITAL HOTEL.
SACRAMENTO.
Corner of K and Seventh Streets.
This Hotel having been newly refitted and re-
furnished is now ready to offer superior accom-
modations to families as well as the traveling
public. FARE ORDERS TO AND FROM THE HOTEL.
BLESING & GUTHRIE, Prop.

H. WACHHORST,
IMPORTING
Watchmaker and Jeweler
79 J Street, Sacramento.
Invites attention to his
Magnificent Stock of Genuine Sterling
Silverware.
Ornamental and for the Table—235 fine, warranted
to retain its beautiful whiteness and not change to
a grayish shade, like cheap quality of Silver Forks
and spoons.
JEWELRY.—My selection is one of the rarest
and most valuable in the State, in Diamond Sets,
Stone Cameo, Amethyst, Coral and Solid Gold
Sets.
An endless variety of every description
from plain Solid Gold to the most elegant Diamond
Settings.
CHAINS.—Opera, Neck Opera Guard, Chate-
laine and Vest Chains, all the new elegant patterns.
SUNDRIES.—Lockets, Charms, Stairs, Silver-
Buttons, Studs, Collar Buttons, Gent's Gold Head-
ed Walking Canes, etc.
WATCHES.—Chronometers, Chronographs
(quarter and one fifth second for timing horses,
quart and half watches, American watches
from the best manufacturers, which I will forward
to any part of the country at factory prices.
CLOCKS.—From the plainest to the finest
French pendules.
DEALERS in these articles from the interior
will be allowed a liberal discount.
Orders Promptly Filled.
Chronometers, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
other than the best of workmanship and warranted
My customers enjoy this advantage, I purchase
my goods for cash from the factories and sell
them cheaper than any other dealer here.
Remember the Sign of the Town Clock.
79 J Street, Between 3d and 4th.
Oct-13m

STEINWAY'S
Grand, Square and Upright
PIANOS!
Were awarded the HIGHEST HONORS at the
Centennial Exhibition, viz: TWO MEDALS AND
DIPLOMAS OF HONOR for
"The Highest Degree of Excellence in
all their Styles of Pianos."
No other piano exhibitor has received more than
one medal.
First Grand Gold Medal of Honor, Paris, 1867.
First Prize Medal, London Exhibition, 1862.
A. HEYMAN, Gen'l Agent,
SACRAMENTO,
1 Street, between 8th and 7th, opposite Court House
Oct-23m

CAPITAL HOTEL.
Woodland.
Having purchased, thoroughly renovated
and refurnished this old and famous
house throughout, the patronage of the
resident and traveling public is respect-
fully solicited.
Good Boarding and Comfortable
Rooms.
At reasonable prices by the day or week. The
table will be supplied with the best market af-
forded.
No Chinese Cooks Employed.
Free bus to and from all passenger trains.
JOHN TACKNEY, Proprietor.

A. D. PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCER
Dealer in Produce Generally,
MAIN ST., WOODLAND.
Oct-3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
Nos. 210 and 212 Bush Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Refitted and Refurnished Throughout
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.
Rooms, with Board, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day.
Rooms, without Board, 50 cts to \$1.00 per day.
Day Board, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per month.
S. F. FREEMAN & CO.,
WOODLAND AND CAPAY, CAL.
Oct-13m

SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE
IN THE STATE.
SHERMAN & HYDE SQUARE
AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.
ESTLEY AND STANDARD ORGANS.
Weber Pianos!
STEDMAN AND GERMAN
UPRIGHT PIANOS.
SHEET MUSIC
AND
Everything in the Music Line
PIANOS AND ORGANS!
SOLD ON EASY TERMS.
Address,
SHERMAN, HYDE & CO.,
nol-15ly SAN FRANCISCO.

P. KRELLBERG,
Dealer in all kinds of
FURNITURE AND BEDDING
A large assortment always on hand, which will
be sold at reasonable prices!
—ALSO—
GENERAL UNDERTAKER.
I keep on hand a large lot of BURIAL CASES
AND COFFINS, and have a
FIRST-CLASS HEARSE!
So that I am prepared to supply everything neces-
sary for Funerals on short notice.
Store Corner Third and Main Streets,
Opposite Pockman's Livery Stables.
WOODLAND.
C. D. MORIN,
At his Old Stand, opposite the Bank of
Woodland,
Is prepared to do all kinds of
PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,
—AND—
METAL ROOFING,
And Manufacturer of
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron
Wares;
ALSO, DEALER IN
STOVES,
PUMPS,
IRON AND GALVANIZED PIPES
OF ALL SIZES.
AGENT FOR THE
CELEBRATED "UNION RANGE,"
—AND THE—
"MEDALLION RANGE."
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
OF ALL KINDS IN HIS LINE.
GALVANIZED IRON
WATER TANKS!
All Sizes, made to order.
AGENCY FOR
ROSE'S DEEP WELL FORCE PUMPS
Tools for BORING WELLS
Can be had at my Store.
Orders from the Country Promptly
attended to.
SHOP ON MAIN STREET,
(Next to Gray & Wood's Hardware Store).
D. MORIN.

CICELY-ALKALI STATION.

Cicely says you're a poet—maybe; I ain't much on the subject. I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and best me every time. Poetry? That's the way some chap put up an act. I take mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry? Just look round you—alkali, rock and sage; sage-bush, rock and alkali—ain't it a pretty picture? Run in the east at morning, run in the west at night. And the shadow of this vast station the only thing alive in sight.

Poetry? Well, now—Polly! Polly, run to your room. Run right away, my poetry! By! Ain't she a beauty? That reminds me of "nothing right in that suit."

Just shut that door, will you—for Cicely's ears are cute.

Yes—Polly—the baby? A month before she was born. Cicely—old woman—was muddy-like and forlorn. Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees—Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman he is.

Nervous she was, and restless—said that she "couldn't stay."

Staying and the nearest woman seventeen miles away. But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be on hand.

And I kinder stuck by the shanty and fenced in that bit of 'o'ad.

One night the tenth of October—I awoke with a full and a fright. For the door it was standing open, and Cicely wasn't in sight.

But a note was pinned on the blanket, which said she "couldn't stay."

At had gone to visit her neighbor—seventeen miles away.

When and how she stamped I didn't wait for to see. For out in the road next night, I started as wild as a cat. Running first the way and that, like a bound that is off the track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments about I ken to this spot.

Lost on the plain in '50, drenched almost, and shot.

But such is the alkali desert, hunting a crazy wife. Was n't as unattractive as any thing in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called and I held my breath.

And "Cicely!" came from the canyon all was still as death.

And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below.

And just but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from the peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious; but I just looked up to the sky.

And this year's it was coming, and may be you think I lie.

But up away to the east and land big and far. Saw of a sudden rising the sing'ling first of star.

Big and yellow and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me.

Yaller and big and dancing, as you never see.

Big and yellow and dancing, I never saw such a star.

And I thought of them sharp in the Bible, and in the book of Job.

Over the brush and bowlders I stumbled and pushed ahead.

Keeping the star before me, I went wherever it led.

It might have been some hot hell when I was in port and sigh.

Out of the year's storm me there up a baby's cry.

Let's take the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now.

That the day I found her and her mother—I'm dazed if I just know how.

But the doctor came next night; and the joke of the whole thing.

That she never knew what happened from that very night to this day.

But Cicely says you're a poet; and maybe you might say so.

Just sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in curious way.

And see what she says; and old fellow, when you speak of the stars.

As how 'twas the doctor's last—'for maybe 'twas 'twas so well.

MR. JEFFREY—A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

By KATYDID.

CHAPTER I.

It was a soft, hazy, September afternoon, one of those dreamy Indian Summer days, when all nature is reposing, and all humanity seeming to yield to a melancholy happiness to her somnolent influence.

Even the train seemed to move lazily as it came puffing leisurely up to the little depot platform in a small town not a thousand miles from P. The usual number of platform loungers were in waiting to inspect all the new arrivals and strive hard to catch a flying glimpse of every fair face on the southward bound train.

Presently an elegant looking girl glanced languidly out of one of the car windows, and then catching sight of a familiar form just beyond the crowd outside, her languor changed to animation, and springing up she grasped her traveling bag in one hand, and a good deal of plating, mingled with bias folds, in the other, and hastily left the car, and a moment later was clasped in the arms of her dearest friend and confidant.

"Oh, Clara," she exclaimed, after the usual number of kisses had been given and received, "how kind of you to come and meet me. I thought I should have to walk home alone. Oh, I'm so glad to see you. How are all the dear ones at home?"

"They are all well, but terribly impatient to have you home once more. You've been gone two whole months. Nellie, and I, for one, have missed you dreadfully."

peremptorily bade him "go home," and taking Clara aside, said:

"Clara, you have not heard the best part of my experience in the city, yet. If you will come over to-morrow and stay with me, I'll tell you a story that will equal anything you have read inside the covers of a romance. But remember, I will tell no one but you, and it must be strictly confidential."

"Oh, mercy, is it possible you have a hidden romance of your own. Well, yes, indeed, I'll come bright and early to-morrow and keep your secret, too."

"Oh, it isn't much of a secret, after all. Only a little story, partly ludicrous and partly pathetic, but I am not willing for other ears than yours to hear it."

And with a good night kiss the two friends separated, Nellie running to overtake her brother, which was sadly undignified in a young lady just from the refining influences of city life, but she enjoyed it nevertheless.

At ten o'clock next morning the two girls were seated at their sewing in Nellie's cozy room.

"Now, Nellie, I am ready for your story," said Clara.

"Well, in order to make a story of it must begin at the beginning, and give you the details of the second year after my arrival at my sister Kate's that she came into the sitting room and said: 'Nellie, here are invitations for a party at Mrs. Warner's which I shall accept, so you see you have just arrived in time.'"

"Of course I was well pleased, and we forthwith began discussing toilets, coiffures, etc., for the party was to be the following evening, which left but little time for preparation. Kate insisted on rolling half my hair on curl papers, and the consequence was I had the nightmare all night and headache all next day. But in the evening Kate took down the curls and crimps and arranged my hair, and when, after dressing, I took a final peep in the glass I had to confess that I had not suffered in vain. My hair had never been arranged so becomingly before, and I really anticipated a pleasant evening, stranger though I was. Well, we arrived at Mrs. Warner's as early as was consistent with fashionable etiquette, and after introducing me to the hostess and her three ladies, Kate left me, saying that when the dancing began she would bring me an agreeable partner."

"Left to myself, I sat down and took quiet survey of my surroundings. The room was not crowded, but was well filled. There were plenty of beautiful girls and a good many plain ones. There were also a goodly number of gay and dashing gentlemen, and before long I was contemplating this last element in a vain endeavor to decide who my agreeable companion was to be, or, rather, who I should wish him to be. Mentally I passed them, one by one, in review, and found them all unsatisfactory. I gazed many of them for a foolish looking. You know, Clara, I despise a fop. Some were too old, and some too young, men-boys that ought to be at home in my bed, I thought."

Just as I had thus summarily disposed of the masculine portion of Mrs. Warner's guests, I chanced to glance in the direction of the conservatory, and encountered a pair of dark eyes that held my own for a moment in spite of myself. Then I turned away and looked resolutely in another direction. But I had observed that those eyes belonged to a handsome, pleasant looking gentleman, who was neither too young nor too old to attend parties, and then I began to wonder if Kate knew him, and whether he would seek an introduction to me. You must not smile, but all humanity seeming to yield to a melancholy happiness to her somnolent influence.

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"They are all well, but terribly impatient to have you home once more. You've been gone two whole months. Nellie, and I, for one, have missed you dreadfully."

"Oh, dear, yes, Clara, I know you must have missed me, especially in your evening stroll and afternoon drives, for of course, you had no one but my brother to bear you company, and although he promised to take good care of you during my absence, he certainly could not do so well."

Nellie said this with a glance at her companion, who blushed vividly, but made no reply. They were walking leisurely along, arm in arm, leaving the depot behind them and gazing at each other with a lively description of her adventures and experiences in the city.

Finally Clara said she must go home, and Nellie and her brother Melvin accompanied her to her own gate. Melvin, a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-four, who had long ago lost his heart to pretty Clara and won her in return, would have lingered a while at the gate, as was his wont when troublesome Nellie was not there, but she

ing, with the consciousness that two pair of eyes were following my movements. When the dance was over my partner led me to a seat, but hardly had I sank into it, when there was that eternal Jeffrey holding out his arm like an old wooden pump handle, and saying:

"It's my turn now, Miss Rose."

I hastened to assure him that it was not his turn—was tired and did not wish to dance just then.

"Ah, well, just as you say. After all, it's just about as pleasant sitting here chatting with you."

And he dropped into a chair at my side, as if he intended to sit there till the day of resurrection. To crown his impudence he leaned familiarly over the arm of my chair, and commenced toying with the bouquet I held in my hand, and asked me to give him a flower. This was too much. Once more I started up, and telling him he could have them all, I dropped the bouquet into his hands and left him, without a word. I was thoroughly miserable, but determined to search every room until I found Kate, then plead illness and get her to send me home.

The first door I came to was that of the conservatory, and I entered it. At first I thought I had entered the wrong door, and it was so cool and quiet that I longed to linger there and breathe the cool, fragrant air; but just then I discovered that some one was standing by the fountain, and I saw it was the same person I had seen in the conservatory, and I half-concealed by the foliage of a huge geranium, still my heart told me who it was. My first impulse was to retreat, but one thought of the conservatory, and I changed my mind. I then decided to pass quietly through the conservatory, and out of the opposite door. This I started to do, when a ruffle of my dress caught upon a rustic flower stand, and I could not suppress a little shriek as I saw it come tumbling over. It fell across the train of my dress, and in such a way that I was powerless to extricate it. In this dilemma I cast an involuntary glance in the direction of the fountain. Once more those thrilling eyes were turned upon me. Their owner immediately came forward, and with a few polite words proceeded to lift the flower stand and set me free. This, however, proved to be the termination of my visit, for my tarlatan dress were entangled in the wood-work. Just as he had succeeded Kate and another lady came into the room, and Kate exclaimed:

"Ah, here you are, Nellie. I have been trying to find you for a half hour past. But what on earth has happened?" she asked, seeing the broken flower pot lying on the floor. I told her what had happened and she then said:

"So Mr. Field helped you out of your predicament? I am much obliged to you, Mr. Field, for taking such good care of my little sister, but I did not know you were acquainted with her."

"Neither am I," he answered, "but if you will now introduce me, Mrs. Morton, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

Kate laughingly introduced us in an informal way that put me at my ease at once.

At this moment supper was announced, and as I accepted Mr. Field's proffered arm I was so happy that I felt like hugging that poor, unfortunate flower-stand.

As we passed out of the conservatory we met Mr. Jeffrey, undoubtedly going in search of me, and I never saw such an amazed, woe-begone, expression on any countenance as his when he saw me. He said that I was appropriated. I stole a glance at my companion; our eyes met, and then we laughed. Mr. Jeffrey sat opposite us at supper with his aunt, and scarcely took his eyes off my face, but I could not see him. I felt that I was safe from his persecutions for the rest of the evening. You know, Clara, I do not quite approve of waiting, and that I very seldom wait with any one but Melvin; but after supper the band struck up a lovely waltz, and Mr. Field asked me if I would waltz with him, and the next moment his arm encircled me and we were floating down the room together. Oh, that waltz! Can I ever forget it? It was like a foretaste of Heaven. But it came to end, as most pleasant things do, and then he said:

"Shall we go into the conservatory and rest awhile and view the scene of your disaster?"

I assented and soon we were standing by the fountain. Then Mr. Field turned to me and said earnestly: "Miss Rose, I am going to ask you to be that flower girl and keep it always as a precious memento. It has conferred a blessing on me this evening that I value more than you can imagine—the pleasure of your acquaintance."

I tried to frame a light and evasive answer, but ere I could do so some one entered and handed Mr. Field a telegram. He immediately opened and read it, and a shade of anxiety passed over his countenance as he read. He was dismissing the messenger he turned to me and said in a voice full of sadness and regret:

"This telegram contains sad news, my only sister, who lives at home, is dangerously ill. I must go to her at once. So much as I regret it, I shall have to say farewell for a time. Will you tell me, Miss Rose, how long you intend to remain in P?"

"Probably two months," I answered.

"If I should return before your departure will you give me permission to call upon you?"

I answered in the affirmative, and murmured something about being sorry for his sister's illness. He thanked me, took my hand and raised it to his lips and the next moment he was gone.

The next instant, to my utter amazement, Mr. Jeffrey stepped out from behind an oleander and came up to me.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone, aren't you? Here I've been trying for three hours to get a word with you and couldn't for him."

No, I answered sharply, I am not glad that Mr. Field is gone. On the contrary I am very sorry, for I think him the pleasantest gentleman I ever met, and I am perfectly sure he would not stoop to the petty meanness of eavesdropping. With this parting shot I was walking away when Jeffrey said in a pleading, pathetic way that was irresistibly infectious:

"Oh, Miss Rose, don't be so cruel. Indeed I didn't intend to listen, but you looked so confoundedly happy, waltzing with that fellow, that I just couldn't stand it, and I came in here where I couldn't see you. It wasn't my fault that you followed me was it?"

"No, said I, but you might have made your presence known, and for the third time that evening I sailed away and left Mr. Jeffrey alone to chew the end of reflection. Surely, I thought, as I went in search of Kate, the flame of his

sudden passion must be about quenched by this time.

But no. When, an hour later, Kate and I came out into the hall on our way to the carriage, I saw in the irremovable Jeffrey, hat in hand, ready to escort me to the carriage.

"Now see here," said he, in a low confidential tone, "I am going to show that Mr. Field did not sort it all out for me to tell him, I answered. You don't suppose I am going to have that ignorant booby calling on me, do you?"

"Well, I know he is a bore. Everybody knows that, and he seems unusually smitten with you, but you see he is immensely wealthy, or his relatives are, and most of it will revert to him one of these days, and on that account everybody tolerates him."

"Well, I shall tolerate him, and if he is so smitten with me, I shall refuse to see him if he calls, that is all, for he hasn't one grain of pride or even common sense."

Several days passed, and I began to feel free. I concluded that my verdant admirer had called at number twenty-nine, if there was such a number in Manchester street, and, discovering the hoax I had played upon him, he had given up his capricious heart. But this vain illusion was soon demolished, for coming in one evening, after a call on Annie Warner, I found him sitting cozily in Kate's parlor, waiting for me.

He apologized profusely for his delay, and saying that he had had some business matters about the number, and had a good deal of trouble to find us.

Well, to make a long story short, he was just the same of existence from that time on, and utterly spoiled my pleasure of my visit, for, notwithstanding I refused all his invitations to parties, theaters, operas and drives, still he haunted me everywhere I went, like a shadow, and so often that even Kate lost all patience.

"Why, said she, 'It is enough to drive every other eligible man from you. By the way,' she added, 'I wonder what has become of Mr. Field. He was so anxious to be introduced to you at Mr. Warner's party, that I was sure he would call. Didn't you think him a pleasant gentleman?'"

"Yes, rather pleasant," I answered carelessly, for I now only lacked two weeks to the expiration of my visit, and I had neither seen nor heard anything of Mr. Field. I thought he must surely have returned to the city, and I could only conclude that he had forgotten me and his promise to call.

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"Yes, rather pleasant," I answered carelessly, for I now only lacked two weeks to the expiration of my visit, and I had neither seen nor heard anything of Mr. Field. I thought he must surely have returned to the city, and I could only conclude that he had forgotten me and his promise to call.

was ten minutes to twelve. Mr. Field tried to get a carriage, but could not, so we had to walk to Kate's, which, under ordinary circumstances, I should have considered dreadful; but with his arm to lean upon, it was another thing entirely.

When we arrived at Kate's, of course the house was dark, and everybody asleep. We ascended the steps and stood on the porch. It was so pitchy dark that I could not see the knocker on the door, and I began searching for it. And then I felt my hands taken and held in a man's clasp that thrilled me strangely.

"Nellie," he murmured, "will you not tell me good-bye before you leave me, and give me one sweet word to live upon until we meet again. And then I was drawn closer, until his arms encircled me in a warm embrace, from which I could not free myself.

"Nellie, I love you darling," the dear voice was saying, and his lips were pressed to mine in a long, long kiss.

Oh, Clara, I cannot tell you more, only after a long, blissful time, he rung the bell and I entered the house with his kiss warm upon my lips, and a bettling ring upon my finger.

And now, for the present, my story is finished, but he is coming here before long, and then, my sweet sister, there may be a sequel.

Horror of the Siberian Mines.

PRISONERS WHO NEVER SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY—A PRISON-PEN WHERE NO CONVICT RETURNS ALIVE.

The exiles who live in the mines are convicts of the worst type and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and reap all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver or quicksilver under the eyes of task-masters who have orders not to spare them. Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close the doors, or, rather, at the bottom of the shaft, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within recesses hewn out of the rock—very caverns—into which they must creep on all fours. Prince Joseph Lubomirski, who was authorized to visit one of the mines of the Oural at a time when it was not suspected he would ever publish an account of his exploration in French, has given an appalling account of what he saw. Confining himself to the joint-pains which quicksilver produces; men whose hair and eyebrows had dropped off, and who were gaunt as skeletons. They have only two holidays a year, Christmas and Easter; and all other days, Sundays included, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of the use of their limbs, when they are hauled out to die in the infirmary.

Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years. No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home; the most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the road gangs, and it is the promise of this that lures the convict to the mine, which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline.

Women are employed in the mines as sifters, and get no better treatment than the men. The Polish ladies by the dozen have been sent down to rot and die, while St. Petersburg journals were declaring that they were living as free citizens; and more recently, ladies connected with the higher official men have been consigned to the mines in pursuance of a sentence of hard labor. It must always be understood that a sentence of Siberian hard labor means death. The Russian Government well knows that to live for years in the atrocious tortures of the mines is humanly impossible, and, consequently, the capital punishment is merely of a piece with the prosperity of all official men in Russia. Once a week a pope, himself an exile, goes down into the mines to bear the consolations of religion, under the form of a sermon, enjoining patience. By the same occasion the men receive a lively trade in vodka.

The miners who live habitually on tsetchi and black bread, are allowed a kopeck for a good day's work, and this sum invariably goes for drink. Perhaps the raw, raddled spirit serves to keep up their strength; anyhow, the intoxication it brings on affords the unfortunate the only drug of comfort they can expect on earth. One shudders to think of the state of the larger official men, who refuse the consolation of occasionally drowning their sorrows in liquor. What must be the plight of professors, journalists, land-owners, who have been condemned to die by inches for some crime, and who are sent down to the mines in England brings man to a great honor and comfort on every side?

INSURABLE DESTRUCTION OF THE BRAIN.—The annual report of the Superintendent of Longview Insane Asylum, with quotations from the following, quotes with approval the following statement of a former Superintendent of the Worcester, Mass., Lunatic Hospital on alcoholic drinks as an exciting and predisposing cause of insanity:

"The brain cannot be kept for years in a constant, though it may be a slight abnormal condition without altering or changing its character and rendering it liable to at least functional disturbance, which constitutes insanity. Many of the cases of softening of the brain and epilepsy result directly from the use of intoxicating drinks. In still another manner, also, intemperance should be regarded as the cause of this disease, namely, by its effects on the offspring of those addicted to it. The habitual use of alcohol is felt through more than one generation, and though the father may not become insane, his children will have an additional tendency to insanity, especially if they pursue the same course, as they are likely to, for the appetite is also transmissible. A large part of the idiots and imbecile children are born of intemperate parents."

The term intemperance, as here used, means simply the habitual use of alcoholic drinks; and this physician means that this cannot be kept up without changing the organic structure of the brain, and that habitual drinkers, such as call themselves temperate drinkers, are unfit to propagate their kind.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the good die young, you occasionally run across the track of a gray-headed old man of the editorial persuasion.

MY SHIP AT SEA.

I stood beside the sea girl shore. And I watched the white sails fade away; I wondered if the waves they bore Would to my heart return some day.

The months flew on with winged feet. And oft I watched, but returned in vain: The wild winds to my heart repeat, "Thy ships will ne'er return again."

Tis ever thus with human hopes. The shadows we picture are dim and dim; And as we fall "neath fortune's strokes—"The ships will ne'er come back," we cry.

FLY, HAPPY FLIES.

BY T. H. HENSON.

Fly, happy, and bear the press, Fly, happy with the nation of the cross. Exit land to land, and blowing heavenward, With silks, and fruits, and spices clear of toll. Bunch the harvest of the Golden Year.

A Colossal Cheat.

THE STORY OF THE COLORADO STONE MAN.

The true history of the "Colorado petrified man" that was exhibited recently in New York has just been revealed. It was made at Elkland, a little mountain town in northern Pennsylvania, by George Hull, the maker of the "Cardiff Giant." The facts were made known by E. J. Cox, justice of the peace at Hornellsville, on the Erie road, who had a financial interest in the humbug, but was so badly misused by Hull that he felt no longer under obligations to keep the matter secret. All of Cox's statements have been verified by a reporter who visited Elkland early this week. It appears that Hull rented a farm at Elkland in 1873, as soon as he was established he built an ice house as he called it, in which he constructed an arch kiln of brick. Ground stones, ground bones, clay, plaster, blood, eggs and other materials were used in forming this image, which was then

BAKED SIX MONTHS IN THE KILN.

Hull

